. A MODEL COLORED WEDDING.

Parson Widemonf's Peculiar Manner of

Tying the Knot. gathered in the meeting house at Crow Hill quarters to see Parson Widemonf marry Parbashus Hazlenut and Miss Creamertarter Sponge, colored. The parson advanced to the candidates. In his hands the matrimonial ceremony was something more than a mere miaptation of hackneyed forms; it was the discharging of an obligation which not only justified but demanded a fatherly familiarity and painstaking research. Upon this, as upon many a similar occasion, his incisive genius probed the cold conventionalities, and at the end of the ceremony made the bride and grasm intimately acquainted with the

Addressing his attention to the groom, the parson unceremoniously began:



"Parhashus! Does yo' take Crenmertarter to be yo' wedded wife!' "Ef de law's 'greable, yes san!" was the

Am ver 'vised, Parinshus, dat she plays de succerting whilst her midder plays de wash "I bearn so, parson, but yo' kyan't blame de

ral for habbin mor lub for moosic dan for sonpsuds." Cose not, Parhashus, but am yer war ob le fac' dat she 'm a mem'er ob de Crow Holler

bebatin' s'ciety an' de Krischin Wimmin's io's yer please l'aternity (" "I's hearn roomers er de same, purson, but I's a chowder mem'er ob de Keyhose Refolm hab myse'f, an' dem little ippysodes ham't

cur'in' me a bit."
"But looker yer, Perhashus, is yer 'quainted wid de geolergy ob de fam'ty 'nough ter know but all 'er auntsisters on 'er mudder's side nanage 'ter 'sco'te fo' or fife husban's froe diser tears befo' dey fotch up wid deir own

alleba "I is, parson. I got dem fac's in Cremerarter's stiffyeat er h'elt."

"An' nebbersoebber darfo', widout any fear a princ'ple." - Youkers Gazette. or convulsions er de party er de secon' part, ro' takes dis 'coman fo' yer spous', hopin' dat he'll tu'n out better dan de skedyule, but grayin', all de same, dat ef she tu'ns out wus int de Lawd 'll gib yo' strenk ter b'ar de

"I does, parson, per bonum publicus, as de constitution ob de United States say."

The parson, turning aside, was heard to nurmur: "My, my! Ef I was a mason an' purced san' ter buil' a chu'ch I'd go ter l'a inshus," then stopping a moment to adjust its spectacles for a new trip down their natural tologgan slide, addressed himself to

the expectant bride:
"Creamertarter," said he, "does yo' take Partiashus ter be vo' weded husban'?"

"I does, parson," she replied. "Ter hab an' ter hof' de same not'standin le fac' dat ef he tuk dat wig orf yo'd git de potion yo' wuz marryin' a aigpliotf "Not standin' dat, parson," was the re-

'An' ef vo' knowed de trufe dat Parhashus and been dat egcentrik in his life dat 'bout de on'y place be 'm lierble ter sing 'Home, Sweet flotne' in, am de county jail, would dat tu'n you f'om de paff er matermony?"

"Reckon not, parson."
"But see yer, Creamertarter"—with almost sensational emphasis—"am yo' 'formed er Parlashus habin' a wife an' fo' chillen's down n Pensycoly! Eh! Tell me dat!"

"I nebber bearn dat, parson," was the re-ly, with just a shadow of perturbation, "but f his fam'ly 'zertz im dat away hain't it mo duty o'er Krischin ter soove de po'

"Mebbe yo'm right, Creamertarter," said the master of ceremonies, with a somewhat inhous shake of the head; "mebbe yo'm right, but lemme ax you dis: Does yo' know tat Parhashus hain't wery screwblious bout whose henroes' he picks his poultry f'om?"

"I does, parson promptness, "but I allers "llowed dat ef I bber tuk a husban' I'd keep m' eye open fo count perwider."

With just the least show of disgust the purson continued: "An' not'standin' de 'fo'aid, bein' soun' in min' an' knowing de cerantities er life, yo' takes Parhashus ter be yo'
a'ful podner, fo' better 'n wuss, share an' share like, till deff parts one or de udder ob

"Dem's my sent'men's, parson," was the

answer. "Den," said the parson, as he interlocked heir hands and drew back to avoid the shock of the kiss he saw them preparing for, "den, and he, "I pernounces yer man an' wife, an' I mus' say, arter all de chances I's gub yer, lat yo'm two er de bigges' fools dat de plow is my 'sperience has ebber tu'ned out de fur-ers er human natur'."—Wade Whipple, in

Spelling Their Way Up.

We see that by the new civil service rules andidates for promotion will still be exerused in orthography. This reform can cer-Every \$100 clerk should, of course, be required to be able to spell words of at least one y liable; cat, for example. Whoever wants to get up a grade shoul I also be able to handle sylinble additional. Thus the orthographial standard for the different classes would be

for \$900 cierks				Ca
For \$1,000				Peanut.
for \$1,200				Asimine.
For \$1,400	910			Gyascutus
For \$1.500		1001100		lehthyosaurus.
TOT \$1,500	0.0			Paratlelopipedon!
And so	they	go up.	Hu	rroo!-New York

One of the Sleepy Kind.

Hove to wake at early dawn, When sparrows "cheep And then turn over with a rawn And go to sleep.

I love to see the rising sun In picture books. In nature I don't care a bun How Phoebus looks I love to lie abed each morn,

In dreamy doze, And make the neighborhood forlorn With tuneful nose

I love to draw the blankets well

Up round my chin; I nate to hear the breakfast bell— Confound its din In shart I love the sweet embrace

Of slumber deep; And heaven to me—will be a place Where I can sleep! Somer die Journal.

Little Laughs.

They were telling big yarus, and one fellow broke up the seames by saying: "Well, when I was up at Bombazique, on the African court, we always had to sleep with a stee trap over our mouths to prevent the natives from stealing the filling out of our front teeth, and that's a fact, too."—Danville Breeze.

A Detroit lawyer, who wanted to marry every pretty girl be met, was adjudged in same. The sequence isn't natural. If the man were cruzy he would be after the homely ones.—Baltimore American.

Wife (Sunday morning in Boston)-Are you going to bear Joseph Cook preach this morning, dear? Husband—No, I think I'll go and see the Hon. Mike Kelly practice.-

At the opening of the dog show in Madison Square garden Chi Ochultrus Per

not blancily successio, was in his element. "I like dogs, said he. The more I know men, the better I like dogs,"-New York Tribune. Populay - I understand that Blobson has a

It was a small but select assemblage that political bee in his bonnet.

Dumpsey—One bee: Guess you don't associate with him. There are more than forty hives. - Burlington Free Press

Any man can go up in a ballbon, with proper assistance—It is the coming down in the Salake, two miles from shore, that is unique.— New Orleans Picavane.

Temperance Agitator-My friend, did you ever reflect that man is 90 per cent. water. Boozy Individual - Y-yez, or Ain't that enough: Burington Free Press.

A Needed Lesson.

Eastern Dame-Yes, this is the first time 1 have been in Omaha since my daughter mar me how she and her bushand get along. I ried and settled here. I wish you would tell can never make anything out from her ters, she is so secretive. I know if she has Omaha Dame-Her husband is a very nice

nan, indeed.
"Lam glad you think so." "Yes, Clara always was light tempered, you know, but no matter how ugly she gets he always answers pleasantly, and one evening when I was there he brought home some zephyr she had noked for, and it wasn't the right shade at all, and she called him a 'per-fect brute,' and flung the teapot at him and bit from with the poler and then threw berself down on the floor and kicked and screeched as if she'd take the roof off, and all he said to her was 'i am afraid you will overexert yourself, my darling '"

"Well, I guess that taught her a lesson." "Yes, poor child, next time she'll know bet-

ter than to send a man to match repayrs." Onmin World.

Parson Jinglejaw's Fish Preserve. "Parson Jingleiaw, they tell me you're a

"I's fon' er fish, yes'r." "The you eaten them by natural or artificial

"Well as ter dat when I've arter dish I Speck it roust be arterfishal."

Shire worder, yes. But they tell me you're a great sportsman and have a fish pond on

this year of the close tings dat skientific anguiars calls fish preserbe, an' dat's ony anud-der was for malen' sartin ob yer game. Yer see, the get de half cend of er merlasses bar'l date filled wid water, an' 1 gibs eb'ry mem'r ob de Bible class a good depo'tmen' ticket fo' elery suction or buildened dey puts in dat bar'l, an den wen I wants ter go fishin' Hets de water off an sorts out my wictims. Hit's a little differen' four cornerin' trouts in a pon' an starvin' om till dev's boun' ter bite at anythin you from em, but hit's on the same

Fortunes Almost Given Away. Stranger-Say, mister, a man tells me that the lot you just sold me was under water a

month ago.
Omnha Real Estate Man-Yes, it's pretty dusty by this time I suppose.
"Dusty! well, yes, but"—

"About June, though, there will probably another flood and that will get the soil in nice condition again."

"What! Two floods a year?"
"Only two, unfortunately. We are in hopes, though, of getting congress to do something to make the Missouri rise a little oftener. If the bill goes through your lot will be worth \$1,000 a front foot. Just hold on to it."-Omaha World.

A Heart Worth Winning.

"And do you love me so devotedly, dear," he said, "that you will give up home and friends and all that makes your life bright and happy to become my wife and go with me to the uttermost ends of the world if

"Yes, George," she whispered softly, "when I am your wife your thoughts shall be my thoughts, your hopes my hopes, your religion my religion; and if you should want me to go to the uttermost ends of the world with you I will go, ah, so gladly, George. I do so love to travel."-New York Sun

A paralytic young woman, who had been unable to walk for years, was conveyed to a revival meeting one night recently, and during prayer she suddenly arose, gave an ear piercing shout, climbed over three pews, gained the aisle and made a dash for the pulpit. It was another faith cure, as many per sons in the congregation supposed. She had simply seen a mouse in her pew near her feet.

-Norristown Herald.

Poetry Illustrated.



Though the heart may be sad, -Tid Bits

The Root of All Evil. Old Minister to young Minister!-Paul was s wonderful man, my dear young brother, a

wonderful man; and thousands upon thou sands flocked to bear him preach.
Young Minister-Yes, if Paul were alive to day he would only have to name the salary

he wanted.-N. Y. Sun.



Wide Awake Officer-T've got you no Ain't you the galoot that's been beatin' the Bon Ton restaurant out of those to table d'hote dinners!



HIS DEPTH OF WOE.

Och. Kittle, I love ve. an' faith I can't mend it.

Ve chide mean' from and movelf it is think in'

Don't flash wid ver two eyes, I didn't quite mane

Me socks are all out at the beel an the toe. There's the pig, the poor darlin', an' sure he is Wid grounin' an' mounin' begob it's a sin'

An' no one to carry his shwill to the pin. Thin come to me shanty, I beg of yez, Kittie:

If not for meself in ver heart ve take pit;

Och, Kittle, remember the woes of me



First Boy-Oh! I know you; you're a

Second Boy-And I know you; you're a

Lady Vere de Vere's American Cousin, buying dress goods (in doubt)—I really—don't -know. Stunning Salesgirl-It suits your style per-

Stunning Salesgirl communicative - I'm having a dress of the same pattern myself.

American Cousin (with emphasis:—I don't wish the goods, thank you, and flounces out.

Stunning salesgirl thinks and thinks.— Washington Critic.

The Way it Works. "No," said the widow; "I thank you kindly for your preference and fully appreciate it, but I think one term is sufficient." "But," said the suitor, "have you considered that you owe something to me! Would you have me eke out a miserable existence merely to give you the retirement which, on the whole, you have no right to assume?" That is a view of the case which has not struck me." was the thoughtful response. "Perhaps I had better reconsider." This was years and years ago. The delightful creature has duces her to yearn for still another. -Judge.

A Picture's Great Advantage. Frenchman-You should to Paree go, eef

Omaba Man-I have seen New York harbor itself. "Out, but in see picture you get see ground view without zee smell."—Omaha World.

What He Would Say. Bascomb (just returned from Australia)— Well, sir, what would you say if I told you I

had seen a snake out there that measured forty feet in circumference and ninety-three Daruley I should say-er-that Australia oes not produce good whisky. Judge.



Druggist-Your recommendations are good, but what is your experiences Applicant for Clerkship-The very best I mixed drinks for seven years in an Omaha

once: your experience is sufficient,—Omaha World. Druggist-You will enter on your work at

An Irish servant borrowed a copy of "Baron Munchausen" from his master's library and upon returning it was asked: "Well, Patrick, did you read it through? "And what do you think of it?"

"Well, savin' yer honor, I think it's a domned lie, sor."—Washington Critic. The Parson off Color.

Red as the rose was she. Red as the best was he. And the marriage service was duly read And readily out of the church they sped. I asked the purson the size of his fee, "I got not a red," he answered me. -Living Church

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

a visitor diseavenin' in de pusson of de Hon. Shackenback Johnson," said the president, "He has arrove heah from Halifax to address are so proud of their white mustaches that "He has arrove heah from Halifax to address us on de fisheres dispute, an' from what I have seen of him I ar' satisfied dat he ar' a statesman wid a large breadth of stomach an' a huddle of brains placed whar dey will do de moas' good. He designs to remain heah seberal days, an' I would obsarve dat any of de members who lend him money mus' do it at deir own peril. His watch chain may have a watch at de eand of it or it may not. De \$50 bank bill which he exhibits on certain occashums may be all right or de bank may heve busted ye'rs ago. We will to st him wid at along with two

The Hon. Shackenback proved to be a very

Ears and Scalp Covered with Eczeblack and polished gentleman of great breadth of beam, being about 55 years of age,

"If anybody wanted to go out befo' break fast or arter breakfast an' catch fish dere was nobody to say a word. (Great applause.) All of a sudden somebody got mad. Den somebody eig got mad. Den somebody eig got mad. Den somebody eig got mad. Den said he owned em all. An' de Kannek be said he owned em all. An' de Kannek be said de Yankee was a har. (Excitement, during which Whalebone Howker kicked Trustee Fullback.) Den dey boaf went home mad and begun to pass laws. De Yankee said de Kannek said de Yankee shouldn't fish widin three miles of his sho' nohow. Dey made up faces at each odder an' kept gittin' madder all de time, and finally de biler busted. (Excitement.)

"My frens," continued the speaker, after swallowing a large quantity of water and mopping off his forehead, "de stait of affairs am shameful. We are two setts of children by de same fadder. Oter dar in Canady we want Yankee plug terbacker, poker chips, pink cull'd suspenders, co'n salves an' jack.

W. and A. A. of Catanak.

All and the face was nobody for the dark faired and such that he has tried our best physicians and ide all a tather could do for a suffering child but exailed nothing. I have seen Mr. Mckay's boy when leadly affected with the facema. He was a putting thest physicians and ide all a tather could do for a suffering child but exailed nothing. I have seen Mr. Mckay's boy when leadly affected with the facema. He was a putting the said to look at. I know that he has tried our best physicians and ide all a tather could do for a suffering child but availed nothing. I have seen Mr. Mckay's boy when leadly affected with the facema. He was a putting the said to look at. I know the has tried our best physicians and ide all a tather could do for a suffering child but a tather could do for a suffering child but a tather could do for a suffering child but a tather could do for a suffering child but a tather could do for a suffering child but a tather could do for a suffering child but a tather could do for a suffering child but a tather could do

want Yankee plug terbacker, poker chips, pink cull'd suspenders, co'n salves an' jackknives. On dis side you want our produce an' good will. Dar am kentry nuff fur all of kentries ride down hill on de same hand sied | price

"What I ax' of dis Lime Kiln club ar' to take hold of dis queshun an' settle it to de satisfaxun of boaf parties. 'It can be did, an' de club kin do it, an' when de harp strings of peace once mo' echo deir glad American Cousin-Well, I'll take twelve chords ober all America your reward shall be great. [Cheers.] In conclusion, I would be mark dat my Excelsion coin salve has bin used in all climates an by all classes of people, an has nebber yet failed to give immediate an permanent relief. Why suffer when you kin be cured fur de small sum of ten great. [Cheers.] In conclusion, I would remark dat my Excelsion co'n salve has bin

cents de tenth part of a dollar?" The speaker retired amidst hearty applause, and when he had gone Brother Gard-

think it over in a serious manner befo' takin' any decided steps. We will now disrupt de meetin."—Detroit Free Press.

Fools Rush in, Etc. A big, burly westerner jostled against a tall, well built young man with a light mus-tache in the Nicollet house yesterday. The young man tried to get out of the other's but unfortunately be struck the western

man's foot. "I beg your pardon," said the young man with the light mustache. "Excuse my awkwardness."
"Confound your stupidity," the westerner

only to see zee beautiful picture of New York harbor painted by Missear Bartholdi. Eet is one ground commitations. Let is burst forth, "Why in — can't you be more careful? I've a good notion to break your head. A man like you ought to be thrashed. THOUSANDS OF ROLLS SOLD ANNUALLY and I ought to do it." and I ought to do it. The young man merely bowed his head and

moved away.
"Who is that fellow?" asked the westerner of Clerk Shaefer. "That's Pat Killen, who is matched to fight

Sullivan," was the reply.

The westerner was not visible the mainder of the day,—St. Paul Globe.

Credit Where Credit is Due New York Youth—Because somany writers in New York call themselves Bohemians, people have an idea that they are rather free livers, but it is not so; drinking is the exception, not the rule.

mha Youth-Well, I must say I should not have looked for teetotalers among that

says he never drank enough to affect him in "Oh, well, a man who lives by translating from such a cart before the horse language as the French is obliged to keep soler."—Omaha

The Cat Out.

Omaha Child-Oh! Mamma, me and Dick kissed each other last night ever so many Sister Nell canxious to change the drift of the conversation)—Do not talk that way, pet; say "Dick and 1."

But it wasn't Dick and you. You were on the other end of the porch with Mr. Nice-"l-1-What I mean is, you should not mention yourself first."

"Why, I thought you didn't want me to tell about you."—Omaha World. Dyeing the Mustache.

The man who goes to the barber shop to dye is by no means as common as he used to be. I can remember when he was a very numerous, I may add unpleasant neighbor of one's tonsorial leisure. He would be laid out beside you with a dirty apron all besmeared with dye about his throat, and the whole process of rendering him resplendent was to the spectator a memory of smears and smells and glaring imposture anything but elifying to recall.

I found a person baving his mustacle dyed at my barber's the other day. If was the first instance I had encountered during several years of patronage of the shop. When I asked Figure if he did much in that line now he said: "Very little. I have a few customers who dye

But it has gone out of fashion a good deal.

"Besides, a great many people use the THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Powerful Address on the Fisheries Question.

"I desigh to inform de members dat we her

coursesy testage he halfs from a friendly kentry, but when it goes beyond dat I should advise you to take security. Destatesman

matous Scabs and Sores

Cured by Cuticura.

breadth of learn, being about 55 years of age, built after the ancient style of architecture, and having a voice which reminded one of a woman trying to sing bass. He said:

"My frem, I am quite obberrun by dis unterpreted by frem, I am quite obberrun by dis unterpreted by frem, I am quite obberrun by dis unterpreted by frem, I am quite obberrun by dis unterpreted by frem, I am quite obberrun by dis unterpreted by frem, I am quite obberrun by dis unterpreted by frem, I am an early a control of deep est interest to boar de United Staits an grand farewell tour of the United Staits and series, and frem which a strick and grand farewell tour of the United Staits at de present time to sell my Excelsor soap, which is used for cleaning tinware an removin tar an greense. If not found as represented de money will be refunded. Ten cents a cake or three for a quarter, an doar buy no odder.

"Now, in de fust place, de Lawd made fish. He made em long boat de time Adam an Eve war driv' outer de garden. It was de intension dat any man could catch fish any whar he wanted to. Den Columbus he come ober heah an diskibered America, an arter awhile de Vankees took de United Staits and de British took Canady. De fish was increasing all de time, an nobody purtended to own 'em.

"It anybedy wanted to go out befo' break fast or after breakfast an 'catch fish dere was nobody to say a word. (Great applanes)

A Word About Catarrh.

Second Boy—And I know you; you're a liar.

Old Farmer (unexpectedly on hand)—Well, boys, you seem to know each other, so I will now infroduce you to Mr. Limber Besch—which he does to the music of mutual howis.

Maxie's Nose.

Maxie's Nose.

Maxie was the little 6 year old daughter of a elergyman who had taken great pains with her religious instruction, and had held before her the goodness of the Supreme Being, so that she should have in her unid always His kindness and mercy as well as power. One morning her mother, passing the open door of the room in which the child was playing, saw Miss Maxie standing on a chair beforathe mirror, with her face close to it, scrutinizing her little phiz with great earnestness, and with a long sigh she remarked:

"I don't see how God could have given me such a nose, when He knows how particular it am." Harper's Magazine.

Lady Vers de Vers's American Cousin.

Kind with a long sigh she remarked:

"I don't see how God could have given me such a nose, when He knows how particular it am." Harper's Magazine.

Lady Vers de Vers's American Cousin.

What I as 'of dis Lime Kiln club ar' to "Patter Dring and Chemical Co., Boston." Patter Dring and Chemical Co., Boston.

Patter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

HOW IT ACHES.

Worn out with pain, but still com-pelled by stern necessity to stand up to the work before us and bear the pain. Ectief in one minute in a Cu-ticura Anti-Pain Plaster for the

ner observed;
"Dar' was considerable sense an' a good deal of co'n salve in dat address. Let us



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marriages impossible, distresses
socion of the heart, causes marriages impossible, distresses the action of the heart, causes flashes of heat, evil forebodings,

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